

## "The Starling"

ONCE upon a time a mother gave the advice to her daughter about to be married: "Remember, the only way to get along with your in-laws is to view them with a sense of humor." There seems no reason why the advice should not apply equally well to parents. At least, it is reasonably sure that if the heroine of Juliet Wilbor Tompkins's story *The Starling* had taken her father a little less seriously her young years might have been happier than they were. In the end the father turns out not to have been such a bad sort after all. But between the father and the hedge, the girl feels with *The Starling* that she is shut in and can't get out. Honestly, it was not known that there was a girl in the land to-day who was afraid of her father, whereas what every girl knows is that her father is afraid of her.

But if *The Starling* can't get out, the newspaper man, depend upon him, can get in. The newspaper man is represented as a superlatively good newspaper man. He writes a book on journalism that wins for him a chair in journalism in a college. Well, perhaps a professor of journalism would say, "When I came back I looked over the public news."

However, the newspaper reporter does promise the girl that he will get her story published, and sure enough he had no difficulty in finding a publisher for *Dickery Dock*, with an excellent contract and all that. So the moral of the story must be not to cut the hedge down, or even murder one's "da," like the Playboy of the Western World, but to admit the "public news."

THE STARLING. BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

## With Leroy Scott From Crime to Happy Ending

OTHER novelists have been editors of magazines—Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser—but Leroy Scott is probably the only one who jumped from love stories and fashion plates to life in the slums in Chicago, at Hull House and at various settlements in New York.

He learned about crime from criminals and met the daughters of two worlds in the saloons and dives that they called home. While the writing of *Partners of the Night* was a feat of the imagination Mr. Scott confesses that two of his novels grew out of the lives of people with whom he came in contact; one a man just out of prison and the other a father of two children who were growing up in one of the worst dives of New York. His latest novel, to be published serially in *Hearst's Magazine*, is a study in misunderstanding.

A man of 30 in new store clothes once came to Leroy Scott at the University Settlement. He had been trying for two weeks to get up courage to come. He had been out of prison three weeks. In that time he had lost three jobs because his prison record followed him. Mr. Scott gave him a job as janitor. It gave the author an idea for his novel *To Him That Hath*, published in 1907.

Visiting a notorious dive on the East Side one afternoon, Leroy Scott was greeted by the proprietor, a man of 30. "Say, Scott, come here. I want to show you my kid. She is the most popular girl in New York. She is only 12 now; but, say, what the hell am I goin' to do wid her? She can't stick around here much longer." That was the hint which started Mr. Scott on *The Daughter of Two Worlds*.

Another girl of good instincts, caught in crook life, is the heroine of *Partners of the Night*, which is to be Leroy Scott's first photodrama for Eminent Authors' Pictures. The book takes its name from a series of detective stories. Only four of the stories were needed to make the movie, which made the author observe regarding scenario writing:

"Motion picture plays fall between the

novel and the short story in length at the present time. There is much more material in a good novel than can be squeezed into five or six reels of film. But a short story has to be built up to make the 200 and more scenes required. Rex Beach finds it easier to build up the short story than to tear down the novel. It calls for creative work for one thing, and besides it is a pity to waste good situations and characters that you have developed. We need longer photodramas, up to ten and twelve reels, to do justice to novels that are full of action.

"Background is a great asset in motion pictures. I have tried to make New York scenes a feature of *Partners of the Night*, and I think they will add one-third to the interest of the story, especially for audiences outside of New York.

"Thomas Hardy made the environment a living factor in his novels. Think what effects could be produced in pictures to carry out his ideas, say, in *The Return of the Native* and *Tess*. His stories seldom have the so-called happy ending, but aren't we rapidly getting to the point where the happy ending is the true and natural one, even if somebody dies?"

"And what about the comparative values of novels dramatized for the stage and novels picturized for the screen?"

Mr. Scott hesitated a moment and smiled. He has novels in both places. "Well, what about them? It seems to me they are entirely distinct mediums. Shaw and Wilde could not be translated successfully to the screen because so much depends upon dialogue; and the same is true of many novels. But where background is important and the action dramatic, there you have material for photodrama. It is a case of the individual novel, isn't it?"

VACHEL LINDSAY says that Mae Marsh is the Peter Pan of the movies. Respecting his poem about her he says:

"You play up Mae Marsh as strongly as you please in connection with these verses, and print her picture if you so desire, so long as you do not sketch me holding her hand."

Now where did Mr. Lindsay ever get that idea of newspaper men?

## "The Trail Makers"

BOYS, *The Trail Makers*, by Charles P. Burton, is a fine story, even if there are German spies in it. But of course Mr. Burton has written many books for you before and just as a person keeping up with the times he wrote this one. But it is months too late. What a pity he did not throw out his German spies and put in their places a few Bolsheviks who are now the favored bugaboo. Gee, it would have been great. And Bob Vreeland and his friends, Bill and Red Hurley—Red is an unusually "bright boy on the inside of his head as well as outside"—would certainly have played their parts as well.

Bob Vreeland and Bill, during that supernal period in the summer months commonly known as vacation time, go out with Bob's father, a railroad contractor, to Tennessee and help him in building the railroad. School is about to reopen, and the war is on and we are in, and Bob and Bill persuaded Mr. Vreeland to let them stay on and help in the construction work, the United States having now taken over the road. The Government has planned to build a large munitions plant on it.

Then come Germans. Machinery is being disabled. Disturbances arise among the employees of foreign blood. The Germans are foiled and the railroad is built and on the whole it is a good story. You'll expect more of Bob and Bill and more of their engineering experiences.

THE TRAIL MAKERS. BY CHARLES P. BURTON. Henry Holt & Co.

WHAT do you know! N. C. Wyeth is illustrating a new edition of *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hasn't come along yet. His pictures in *Treasure Island* were last year's liveliest pictorial pleasure.

BRETT YOUNG wrote *Marching on Tanga* and *The Crescent Moon*. When, therefore, we hear he has written *The Young Physician* we sit up and take notice; just as we do on hearing that Joseph Conrad has completed a book called *The Rescue*.

A PUBLISHER'S reader is a person who makes molehills out of mountains.



Martin J. Hogan, author of "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow."

CORPORAL MARTIN J. HOGAN, in his book *The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow: A Story of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth,"* tells in a fine, easy style of his own experiences, those of his comrades in arms, and the story of the Third, or Shamrock, Battalion of the "Old Sixty-ninth," of which he was a part. His is not a military history of the part played in the war by that battalion and concerns itself less with descriptions of military operations and tactics than with the true character and temperament of the manhood that were a part of it.

Corporal Hogan had the unusual experience of being temporarily disabled on three different fronts without missing a battle. He was always discharged from the hospital and classified as being in "A" condition and sent back to rejoin his battalion just in time for another scrap.

His really serious and disabling wound came to him during the fierce fighting in the Argonne, when in a duel with a German sniper he was shot in the left hand. This put him out for good.

In his chapter "Through Hell at Chateau Thierry," Corporal Hogan, besides recounting the terrific struggle that took place there, tells a story which seems worthy of retelling here:

"Some of the men roused a German

Captain along the line. He was an unmannerly old Spartan, and insisted upon being annoying and rough even after surrendering. . . . He set out to encourage us with sneering remarks. He outdid himself to express in rotten English his supreme contempt for America and everything American for the benefit of his captors. Finally he turned to his guard and said:

"You Americans think you're going to win this war, don't you?"

"Yes, answered his Irish guard, 'and you think you're going to the hospital, don't you?' And he gave him a punch on the jaw that almost knocked him West."

THE SHAMROCK BATTALION OF THE RAINBOW. BY MARTIN J. HOGAN. D. Appleton & Co.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, writing about books to his son Kermit, as quoted in *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*, a Scribner book just out: "I feel a little bored, as I always do on shipboard, but I have brought on a great variety of books and am at this moment reading Milton's prose works, Tacitus and a German novel called *Jorn Uhl*. . . . Of course I entirely agree with you about *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But the point seems to me that the preposterous perversion of truth and ill nature and malice of the book are of consequence chiefly as indicating Dickens's own character, about which I care not a rap; whereas the characters in American short stories and vices and follies as typified are immortal and can be studied with profit by all of us to-day. Dickens was an ill natured, selfish cad and boor, who had no understanding of what the word gentlemen meant and no appreciation of hospitality or good treatment. . . . I sympathize with every word you say in your letter about *Nicholas Nickleby* and about novels generally. Normally I only care for a novel if the ending is good, and I quite agree with you that if the hero has to die he ought to die worthily and nobly, so that our sorrow at the tragedy shall be tempered with the joy and pride one always feels when a man does his duty well and bravely. There is quite enough sorrow and shame and suffering and baseness in real life, and there is no need for meeting it unnecessarily in fiction. As Police Commissioner it was my duty to deal with all kinds of squalid misery and hideous and unspeakable infamy, and I should have been worse than a coward if I had shrunk from doing what was necessary; but there would have been no use whatever in my reading novels detailing all this misery and squalor and crime, or at least in reading them as a steady thing. Now and then there is a powerful but sad story which really is interesting and which really does good; but normally the books which do good and the books which healthy people find interesting are those which are not in the least of the sugar candy variety, but which, while portraying foulness and suffering when they must be portrayed, yet have a joyous as well as a noble side."

CHARLES DIVINE has gone from Paris to Biarritz and San Sebastian and after travels in Spain may go to Algiers.

TO settle the discussion: "Simon Pure," who writes the London letters for the *Bookman*, is Frank Swinerton, the novelist.

a romance of the drug traffic

# DOPE

By SAX ROHMER

Author of the Fu-Manchu Stories

She had been tired—worn out with the strain of rehearsing all day and of seizing enjoyment where she could by night. And now, on the eve of her first engagement, her nerves failed her. She could not go on. And then she thought of the little box of innocent-looking pellets which Sir Lucien had given her.

Do you know the kind of life the drug fiend lives? Have you ever imagined what it must be like to be a slave to *chandu*—the days of fierce craving, the ecstatic moment with the fantastic dreams and exaltation which accompany it; and afterward the black despair and sick loathing, which only more drugs can relieve? Sax Rohmer paints an unforgettable picture of this life in his new novel *Dope*, which is based upon an actual occurrence that horrified all of London last year. *Dope* is a tale of the drug traffic—a mystery story in which all the uncanny thrills and quick surprises which have made his other books famous are combined with an accurate and powerful study of the traffic in drugs, whose victims are found in the highest as well as the lowest classes of society.

Just out. 2nd printing. At all bookstores, \$1.75 net

robert m. mcbride & co., publishers, new york

## CAKE upon the WATERS

By Zoë Akins

A LOVE story, bright, breezy and full of that irresistible vitality which the vulgar call "pep". A Century book. All bookstores. \$1.35.